

LOST PLANET



THE PENUMBRA

WRITE TO: ECLIPSE COMICS - P.O. BOX 1099 - FORESTVILLE - CALIFORNIA - 95436

ON THE RACKS

SCOUT no. 19

Scout assists Missy in "Battle of the Bands." Hear it all on a special original soundtrack! **Reissue** insert!

TALES OF TERROR no. 12

A gruesome gathering of four tales including work by John Bolton, Chuck Dixon and others.

FUSION no. 3

The crew mounts a commando raid to rescue Indio from murder charges.

SAMURAI, SON OF DEATH

A historical epic set in feudal Japan, full of the political, military and religious conflicts from history.

CAPTAIN EO 3D

SPECIAL SOUVENIR EDITION

A special DESTROY!-size edition of the Disney/Michael Jackson/Lucas/Coppola film!

WOMEN AND THE COMICS

(Revised Edition)

A newly updated edition of the important relationship work about women cartoonists and writers.

AIRBOY nos. 21 & 22

A hijacking aboard a 747 goes all wrong. The jet crash lands at the North Pole with Hirota on board!

ADOLESCENT RADIOACTIVE

BLACK BELT HAMSTERS no. 6

The hamsters take on Dizzy world! Will our furry friends survive? With new artist Sam Keith.

KAMUI no. 1

Japan's best selling ninja comic comes to the U.S.! This renegade ninja tries to escape the organization he joined for life!

LOST PLANET no. 1

Soldier-of-fortune Tyler Flynn arrives on the Lost Planet. By Bo Hampton!

STIG'S INFERNO no. 8

Stig races to his new powers and Beatrice starts on the quest!

MAI THE PSYCHIC GIRL no. 1

The Alliance of 13 Sages wants to exploit Mai's psychic abilities. First time in English!

MR. MONSTER'S

HI-SHOCK SCHLOCK no. 2

More oddball classics with Mr. Monster hosting the party!

VALKYRIE no. 1

Valkyrie in her own mini-series with pencils by Paul Giacchi! Plus 3 gorgeous Val pin-ups!

THE NEW WAVE VS.

THE VOLUNTEERS no. 2

The New Wave are carted away for what could be their last stand!

MIRACLEMAN no. 11

Finally ready! Book III of this award-winning series begins. By Alan Moore and John Totleben!

AREA 88 no. 1

Introducing the dangerous life of mercenary pilots in a North African civil war. First time in English!

ESPERs no. 6

Three of the world's deadliest assassins are hired to terminate the ESPers!

ZOT no. 13

Introducing Zybox, the nightmarish robotic minotaur! Also, meet Jenny's mom!

COULD TAKE A WHILE: You may not know it yet, but a whole heck of a lot of people wrote in last year to tell me their names and occupations. This is a continuation of my promise to print 'em all:

Holladay Duncan, On the Road. Not only is Holladay Duncan his real name, but he came to visit us on his motorcycle! Occupation: cycle jockey; age: old enough to get a driver's license.

Gerard Jones, San Francisco, California. Freelance writer and comics reviewer. Soon to be a comics writer with his own series.

Timothy C. Marion, New York City, New York. 27, typist for a barter company in mid-town Manhattan. Rides a ten-speed bike to work, is a science fiction and *Dark Shadows* fan.

Sholly Fisch, Brooklyn, New York. Another nice person who sent a donation to rebuild the post card collection we lost in the flood.

John Speidel, Winnipeg, Manitoba (Canada). College student at the University of Manitoba, also creator of the *Steppin'wolf* strip seen in *The Comics Buyer's Guide*. Further employed at "a local auction mart," where he packs up old furniture, glassware and the like for sale.

Jim Bohler, Janesville, Wisconsin. 34, a financial investigator for Rock County Social Services, which means he collects repayments from welfare recipients who have "either inadvertently or intentionally received too many benefits." Spends over \$200 per month on comics!

Myda McFarling, Kansas City, Missouri. Retired typesetter. She sent us \$20.00 to help out after the flood, and it was much appreciated. We spent it at Fonseca's Mexican Restaurant, where we ate until we were able to get our kitchen back together. Thank you, Myda!

Duane E. Robert, Blackshear, Georgia. 31, a dentist (in practice for 5 years now) who hopes we will revive *Aclyx Ace*.

Nat Gertler, Maple Shade, New Jersey. 21, computer programmer, likes backrubs, chocolate-chip ice cream, Duesenbergs, and Al Stewart albums. Wants to see Walt Kelly's *Pogo* series reprinted in full.

Francis Valery, Bordeaux (France). 30, comic book dealer who believes the Independents have helped shake the Big Two out of their ruts, and wants to see more high-quality science fiction comics.

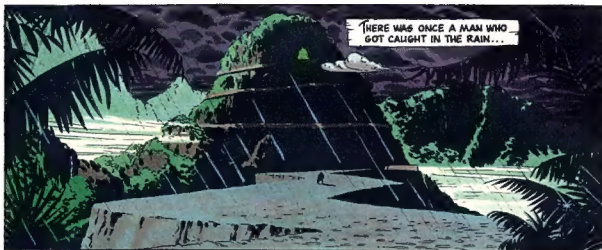
Michael P. Stein, East Lansing, Michigan. Age: adult, occupation: unknown. Sent me a very incisive letter about the difference between those who die in the cause of expanded human potential and those who die to "preserve the status quo against totally foreseeable and avoidable human stupidity." Winner of the Best Letter in Response to a *Penumbra* Award for 1986.

Dana Snow, Los Angeles, California. Clerk-typist and receptionist at a small real estate office by day, stand-up comedian by night. Wonders if there are parallels between comics and collectible plastics. (Answer: yes.)

Chris Brumfield, Baton Rouge, Louisiana. 15, student, and a heck of a decent guy. He sent us some postcards to rebuild the ol' collection, and he sometimes telephones to talk to me about life and politics in the Pelican state. If he's the future, we're in good hands.

Douglas Grainger, Edinburgh (Scotland). 20, former university student in mechanical and electrical engineering. "I'm entirely untalented in any way but I'm as keen as eggs." (That's how they talk in Scotland—ain't it neat?)

catherine yronwode

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN WHO
GOT CAUGHT IN THE RAIN...



AND SEEK-
ING SHELTER
HE WANDERED
INTO A
STRANGE
CAVE...



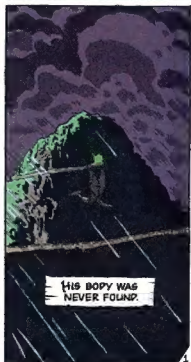
WITHIN,
HE FOUND
A BRIGHTLY
LIT
CHAMBER...



HE DREW HIS CRUDE
KNIFE AND JABBED AT
ONE OF THE LARGEST
AND BRIGHTEST OF
THE STONES UNTIL IT
CAME FREE...



IT HELD STONES THAT
SEEMED TO BURN WITH
AN INNER FIRE...



HIS BODY WAS
NEVER FOUND.

THE CENTRAL ANDES, SOUTH
AMERICA, 88 FT., 1938.

LOOK!! YOU CAN'T DO
THIS! I'M AN AMERICAN
CITIZEN! COMPREHEND?

ONE OF THE MOST
DEPRESSING THINGS
ABOUT FORTUNE
HUNTING, IT COULD
BE SAID, IS THAT
A LARGE PART OF
YOUR TIME IS SPENT
BEING LOST WHILE
SEARCHING FOR
SOMETHING THAT'S
BEEN LOST A LOT
LONGER THAN YOU...

...WITH LITTLE CHANCE
OF FINDING IT BEFORE
YOUR *LIFE* IS LOST.

THESE INCAN
DESCENDANTS
HAVE LITTLE
REASON TO LOVE
WHITE MEN.

THE TRIBE CAN'T
ALLOW EXPLORERS
TO ANNIHILATE
THEIR WORLD A
SECOND TIME.

THE GHOST OF
FRANCISCO
PIZARRO
STILL HAUNTS
THESE REMOTE
ANDEAN
FOOTHILLS.

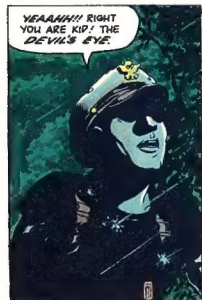


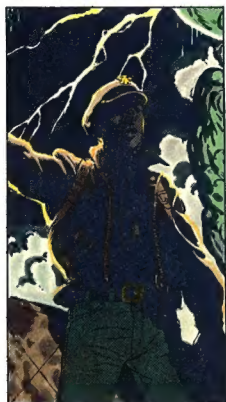
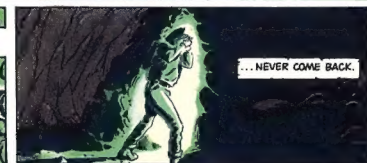
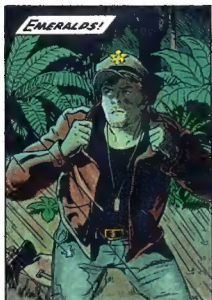
...I'M JUST
LOOKING FOR A
MOUNTAIN! MAYBE
YOU'VE HEARD
OF IT--

IT'S
CALLED
MON-

FFFT!









IN A CORNER OF
THE WORLD THAT
REMAINS FOREVER
DARK...



A NEW ONE
HAS COME.



AT LAST...ANOTHER
HAS ARRIVED...ONE MORE
TO CHALLENGE YOU...DO
YOU FEAR HIM, ZORRIN?
ARE YOU AFRAID??



G-G-REEEE

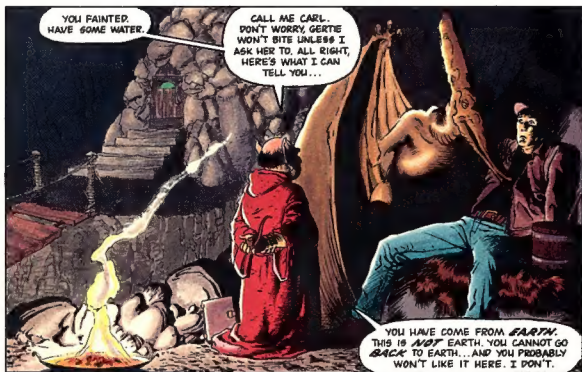


EEYAAHH

MADNESS I CAN
TOLERATE, HAG.



INSOLENCE
IS SOMETHING
ELSE AGAIN.



YOU FAINTED.
HAVE SOME WATER.

CALL ME CARL.
DON'T WORRY, GERTIE
WON'T BITE UNLESS I
ASK HER TO. ALL RIGHT,
HERE'S WHAT I CAN
TELL YOU...

YOU HAVE COME FROM *EARTH*.
THIS IS *NOT* EARTH. YOU CANNOT GO
BACK TO EARTH... AND YOU PROBABLY
WON'T LIKE IT HERE. I DON'T.



HOW
CAN...?

... I SPEAK ENGLISH? BECAUSE
OTHERS HAVE COME HERE FROM
EARTH, AS YOU DID. I SHOULD HAVE
THOUGHT THAT WAS OBVIOUS...

THE LANGUAGE MOST COMMON HERE
IS *THRALL* AND IT VARIES BUT LITTLE
FROM YOUR OWN. THIS *PRIMER* WILL HELP
YOU HERE. STUDY IT AT LENGTH.



HOW DID...?



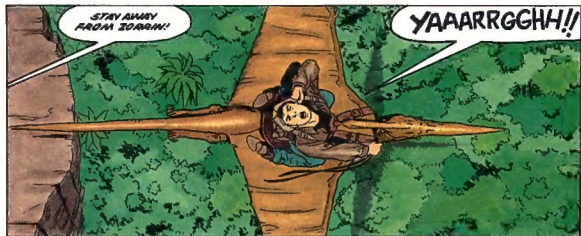
YOU STEPPED INTO A
ROOM ON EARTH THAT
LINKS OUR TWO WORLDS.
THAT'S ALL I KNOW.



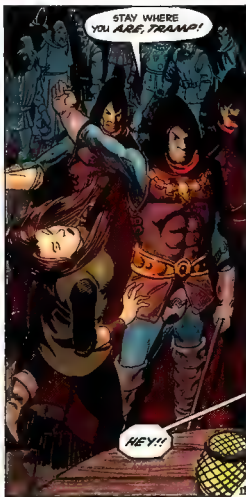
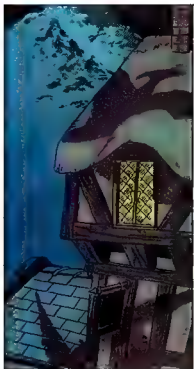
DO YOU...?

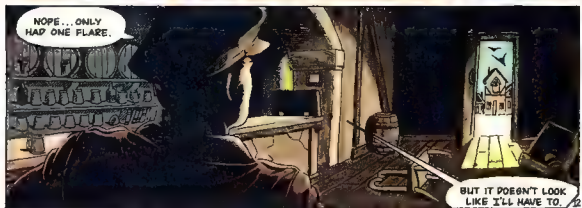
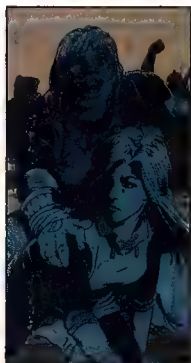
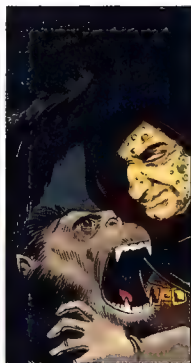
READ MINDS? NO! BUT
THE OPENING CONVERSATION
ALWAYS GOES LIKE THIS...

YOU PEOPLE ARE *SOOO DULL!!*
I GOT THIS *ABORIGINAL* ONCE
-NOW *HE*... NEVERMIND.











IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR THE LONG AND PERILOUS JOURNEY TO FIND THE MYSTERIOUS AMBROSIE.



OFTEN FLYNN WONDERS IF HE'LL *SURVIVE* THE PREPARATIONS



MAX PROVIDES THE CLOSE-QUARTER TRAINING



WHEREAS ROMNEY'S SKILLS ARE MORE OF THE LONG RANGE VARIETY.



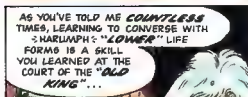
FINALLY-- GRADUATION DAY-- AND THE JOURNEY *BEGINS*.



KRAN-KRAN
THE FITMAX!!
WHAT A MESS!!



PSST!!
HEY, AMBROSE!



AS YOU'VE TOLD ME COUNTLESS
TIMES, LEARNING TO CONVERSE WITH
HARUMPH'S "LOWER" LIFE
FORMS IS A SKILL
YOU LEARNED AT THE
COURT OF THE "OLD
KING"...



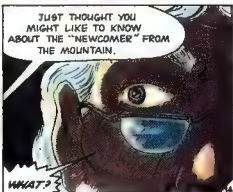
OR HAS YOUR
MEMORY GOTTEN
AS BAD AS YOUR
COFFEE?

QUIET! OR
YOU'LL BE TAKING A
BATH IN IT.



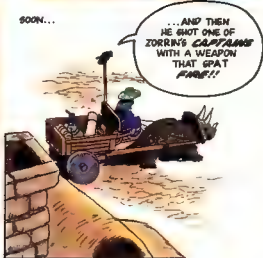
YOU
AGAIN?!
I TOLD YOU NOT
TO BOTHER
ME, BIRD!

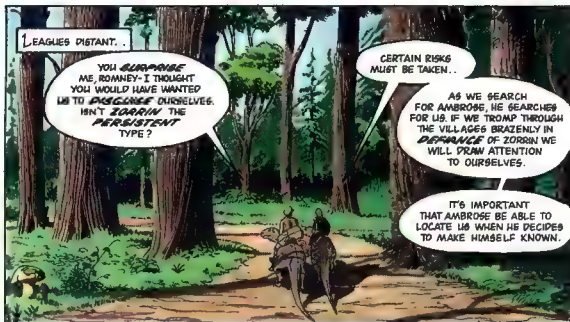
TALKING
RAVENS AND
WIZARDS CO-MINGLE
ONLY IN HACKNEYED,
CLICHÉ-RIDDEN
FAIRY TALES!
BEGONE!!



JUST THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW
ABOUT THE "NEWCOMER" FROM
THE MOUNTAIN.

WHAT?





LEAGUES DISTANT. .

YOU ~~SURPRISE~~ ME, ROMNEY-I THOUGHT YOU WOULD HAVE WANTED US TO ~~DISGUISE~~ OURSELVES. ISN'T ZORRIN THE PERSISTENT TYPE?

CERTAIN RISKS MUST BE TAKEN. .

AS WE SEARCH FOR AMBROSE, HE SEARCHES FOR US. IF WE TROMP THROUGH THE VILLAGES BRAZENLY IN **DEFIANCE** OF ZORRIN WE WILL DRAW ATTENTION TO OURSELVES.

IT'S IMPORTANT THAT AMBROSE BE ABLE TO LOCATE US WHEN HE DECIDES TO MAKE HIMSELF KNOWN.



HE ALWAYS GEEKS OUT NEW ARRIVALS... IF ZORRIN DOESN'T GET TO THEM FIRST.

ZZ-Z-Z-Z

BESIDES, ZORRIN IS ~~SHAMEFUL~~ ABOUT YOU RIGHT NOW. WE WILL HAVE TO MAKE YOUR FIRE-SPITTER VISIBLE AT ALL TIMES EVEN IF IT IS ~~USELESS~~ NOW, AS YOU CLAIM, ZORRIN DOESN'T KNOW THAT



I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE'LL BE ABLE TO **RELY** ON AN EMPTY FLARE GUN!

PERHAPS LONG ENOUGH FOR THE GREAT AMBROSE TO **FIND** US.



PROVIDED ZORRIN HASN'T ALREADY HAD HIM **KILLED**, OF COURSE



EVENTS ARE IN MOTION, COUNT,
THE STORM IS BUILDING... FROM EITHER SIDE
OF ~~JERUSALEM~~ FORCES ~~CONVERGE~~ TO GATHER
AND DRAW STRENGTH FROM EACH OTHER



THEY WILL VISIT
YOUR HOUSE, MY LORD.

THIS CAN ~~ONLY~~ BE THE
~~NEWCOMER'S~~ PARTY AND MY
OLD ENEMY. ~~AMBROS~~.



I FEEL IN MY ~~BONES~~
THAT THE COUNT IS CORRECT

HEED ~~THIS~~ SEER: WHEN MY
ENEMIES COMBINE AND FEEL TRULY
~~SAFE~~, WHEN THEY ~~HUDDLE~~ TOGETHER
AND BEGIN TO BELIEVE THAT THEY
CAN ACTUALLY ~~SURVIVE~~
THESE VIOLENT TIMES

~~THEM~~, WITCH... ~~THEM~~
AND ~~ONLY~~ THEN WILL THEY
BE MADE ~~AWARE~~... ~~FULLY~~,
~~HORRIBLY~~ AWARE...



... THAT I CAN PRODUCE
STORMS OF MY OWN...

THAT NIGHT, ROMNEY
TAKES THE FIRST
WATCH .



AMBROSE.



I HAVE SOMETHING HIDDEN
IN MY DAGGER HILT .



... A GEM THAT
MIGHT INTEREST YOU.

...AND I HAVE
THE **NEWCOMER**.



HE WANTED TO
KNOW WHAT WAS "W"
IT FOR **ME**...



... BUT I COULDN'T VERY
WELL TELL HIM THAT...



... COULD I?



CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

PLANETARY



PROFILES

Take a close-knit family of kids growing up in the 1960s. Add a mother who encouraged an eclectic taste in reading and who could fairly frequently be induced to understand that you can't just quit reading a great book merely because the clock says you should be asleep. Blend in a father who could reliably deadpan his way through utterly fantastic statements like his explanation to the disappointed children when the TV repairmen had to take the television away: "See, they have to take it to the shop and clean out all the dead cowboys and Indians." Add a generous number of TV shows like "Thriller," "Way Out," "Outer Limits," and "Twilight Zone," and a weekly reward for being good that came in the form of a movie everything from "Horrors of the Black Museum" to "Blue Hawaii" to "The Greatest Story Ever Told." Fold in an irrepressible desire to passionately argue overwhelming abstract topics like infinity and eternity as if they were problems readily susceptible to solution.

Place blended ingredients into a large pan and bake on high for ten to fifteen years. Allow to cool.

Serves six

And one of those six is Bo Hampton, who needs no introduction. Another of the six is Scott Hampton, who also needs no introduction. Sisters Tracy and Bunny have gotten into comics lettering and writing, respectively, only in the fairly recent past. Sister Robin, mother of two (described by Uncle Scott as the "two most beautiful children in the whole world"), and brother Toby round out the Hampton family.

"We've been around comics, of course, for years," says Tracy, "but our old jobs required much less effort: criticizing, applauding, encouraging, occasionally modelling a weird hat or a head position. It's a different world now. Of course, some things are comfortingly the same. We still have India ink all over our carpet, and we still wouldn't know what to do with a bar of soap that was all nice and white. The boys clean their crow quill pens on the soap, so every bar looks like 'An Arrangement in Black and White' by a cubist."

Tracy is the youngest of the six grown Hampton children—but only by about two minutes. Her twin brother, Toby, was in a bit of a hurry, while Tracy was a little more deliberate and cautious about making such a long-range commitment. Perhaps her future avocation was astrologically pre-ordained: caution and deliberation are certainly no mean attributes for a letterer. This is not, according to Bo, to say that she can't throw caution to the wind and become pretty volatile when he or Scott hand her about a thousand pages of wordy panels with

the injunction—"I really need to Federal Express this tomorrow, Trace."

Tracy's work has appeared in the *Alien Encounters* stories, "Under Tartuka" (AE #7) and "The Party Boys," (AE #11) and the Eclipse mini-series, *Luger*. A psychology major, Tracy never dreamed of becoming a letterer. It seems that it all began with an old and unconquerable habit she has of writing down much of what people around her are saying. This habit has, on occasion, caused her siblings some uncomfortable moments, since she doesn't worry about context and is as likely as not to turn a statement like, "My biology teacher is doing an experiment that smells rotten" into one like, "My biology teacher smells rotten." But it was the form and precision of her writing that drew Bo's attention to her potential as a letterer. "Hey, you should be working on my stuff," he told her, and two weeks later she was working for Eclipse. She has, most recently, been lettering Bo's series *Lost Planet*, as well as Scott's back-up in this issue, "Godfather Death." She will begin soon on Scott's new project, "Pigeons from Hell."

Bunny's dunking in the waters of comics writing was rather abrupt. "I had told Bo that I would write some of the back-up stories for the series, beginning with the second issue, but I was under the vague impression that I had months to think about it. Then, around New Year's, I overheard Bo talking to Mark Chiarello, the back-up artist for the second issue, and he announced—very unceremoniously—that Mark should have the script in a couple of weeks. I went absolutely ballistic, jumping around in front of him and behind him while he was on the phone, trying to get him to retract those fatal words—BO! Who do you think is writing this thing, Bruce Jones? He ignored me. My life immediately became a blur of researching, writing, scheming, and worrying. It was one of the most anxiety-ridden projects I've ever undertaken... I found writing much less traumatic when I was six years old."

Bunny is now an English instructor for her alma mater, the University of South Carolina, and works also as the Director of a Multi-Media Learning Center. She says that writing for comics is, for her, a much stickier wicket than writing a short story or plotting a novel. "Writing the Amelia Earhart back-up was often a harrowing experience. So much to do and explain and so little room. I sat at the dining room table, pulling my hair out and eating pens, while Bo sat across the room, calmly drawing. I envied him his many years of experience and the self-assurance that comes with it. Our father started us both out, drawing men on horses; I couldn't figure out how to

deal with my man's other leg—the one you couldn't see—so I gave up in frantic irritation and made him walk along, leading the horse. Bo, who was about 4, hadn't the least difficulty figuring out what to do with that mysterious damned leg, so he became the artist. I decided I'd have to use words—it wouldn't be nearly so hard to describe a man on a horse as it was to draw one." Bunny's first effort, "Devil's Eye," will appear in the 2nd issue of *Lost Planet*.

This issue's back-up feature, "Godfather Death," was originally done in the wash tones you see here, Archie Goodwin wanted it traced off, re-inked, and colored for his magazine, *Epic Illustrated*. Some panels were even re-drawn for Goodwin. Now you're seeing, for the first time, Scott's original version.

Scott's meticulously delicate work has graced more than a few Eclipse pages over the last five years. Among his most recent efforts are "The Party Boys" in *Alien Encounters* #11, the beautifully done story "The Revenant" in *Tales of Terror* #8 which he wrote, drew, inked and colored, and an Eclipse graphic novel, *Silverheels* (to be released in June of 1987). He's now beginning a new project based on a Robert E. Howard horror story, "Pigeons from Hell," and says that hell is a singularly appropriate subject of consideration for him, since he's living in New York.

Scott, says Bo, "has in his temperament more of that alleged unfocused spaciness often attributed to artists than anybody I've encountered. He's definitely the only person I know who could get so caught up in his ideas that he'd get out of a running car, carefully lock it, and leave it idling all day until he got out of school." "He's the only person I've ever known who got a warning from the Highway Patrol for going too slowly on an interstate," adds Bunny. "When he gets like that, he just enters some other plane of existence—especially when he's drawing. You only know that molecular activity hasn't ceased because the pencil keeps moving and he occasionally leans very far back in his chair to gain some new perspective on whatever he's doing. I'm certain someday he'll fall over backward." "He probably wouldn't know it," says Bo. Scott feels that his siblings may have misinterpreted the situation and charitably remarks, "They're lying."

"Are not."

"Are, too."

And now for the driving force behind the *Lost Planet* project. Bo says that the idea for it has been germinating for years, although it didn't begin to take substantial form in his mind until about a year ago, and then things tumbled rather rapidly into place. He was living in Greenville, S.C., at the time and approached his friend, colorist Tom Littlejohn, about the project. Before he knew it he was trying to write, draw, and ink the story; co-ordinate the activities of a number of people working on it, and worry about it all at the same time. "I didn't have time for everything," he says, "so I gave up the worrying."

"Actually, I don't know why I bothered with worrying in the first place. Everybody working on this project is bringing a lot of energy and talent to it. One of those people, whose bio information wasn't available for this issue, is Mark Chiarello, the artist working on the second issue back-up. Mark's doing some great work, and we're really pleased to have him with us. And then there are the people who make contributions, but don't get any credit. Bunny's husband, Bruce Mack, has often helped out with plotting and he's a fund of all kinds of information. I never balk at asking him for some arcane bit of information like, 'Bruce—name four or five minor mountain ranges in northeast South America,' or 'What would Ambrose Bierce have been wearing when he was fighting with Pancho Villa?' He walks around with all kinds of junk in his head, to say nothing of a detailed map of the planet. He's saved me innumerable trips to the library. And then there's our mother—not only chief cook and bottle washer, but chief sounding board, prompter, encourager, and alarm clock. She stays after all of us mercilessly, a real slave-driver. But I thank her for it, just as I extend my thanks to all the people who have worked on or seen me through the first year of this project."

When he graduated from the New York School of Visual

Arts, Bo went on to an apprenticeship with Will Eisner for a year—a period which he recalls as being very beneficial in teaching him the ins and outs of the comics industry. "I didn't know, though, that one of my duties during that time would be to keep an eagle eye out for Will's atrocious spelling. I guess all geniuses have to have a weak spot." In addition to Eisner, Bo lists, among others, such influences as Walt Disney, Jack Kirby, Al Williamson, Frank Frazetta, Hal Foster, and Alex Raymond. "A seminal influence on my fantasy illustration was Gray Morrow's story in *Witend*, *Dark Domain*, and if ANYBODY knows where I can get a copy of it, I want to hear from them."

According to family and friends, Bo's devotion to his work is a wonder to behold. "He can stay at the drawing board with greater intensity and for longer periods of time than you can readily imagine," says Bunny. "But then he's that way about other things, too; he's an equally talented guitarist and songwriter. In fact, he and Scott spent much of the Christmas holidays recording music they wrote. They're both maddening perfectionists, so one song sometimes took ten or twelve hours to record."

"It's incredible, the way he goes at it," she adds. "Drawing is so integral an element of Bo's make-up (I believe he started drawing in the womb) that I don't think he's ever NOT drawing. Even if he doesn't have a pencil in his hand, he's drawing. And I sometimes suspect that he lives life that way—improving on reality and re-arranging it as he goes, making better choices of line, composition, form, or color than the ones that exist around him."

Well, Bo's dedication to his consuming passion certainly shows, as witness the masterfully rendered series, *Luger*, recently published by Eclipse. And his brilliant work on *Lost Planet* speaks eloquently for itself, it is clearly the work of a man who loves what he's doing.

Colorist Tom Littlejohn is a relative newcomer to the comics field, although his love for comics goes back a few years. "I was the luckiest kid in the world," Tom recalls, "because I had the perfect grandmother!" Tom claims that, due to comics, he could read at age four. "It was the late fifties, and my grandmother would come over once a week and bring me the latest issue of *Tarzan*, or *Turok*, or maybe a few issues of *Classics Illustrated*, and we would sit at the kitchen table and read."

Littlejohn's fascination with dinosaurs also began with those same comics and eventually led to a career. "I started college as a pre-med student, but couldn't stay away from the geology department." After five years, Tom left Clemson University with a Master's Degree and a teaching certificate.

Today, Tom walks into his own classroom, takes off his fedora, hangs up his flight jacket, and spends the day teaching his students about Jurassic reptiles, lost civilizations, and ancient astronomers. Asked how he likes teaching, Tom says, "It's not a job—it's an adventure!"

Although science is his profession, Tom claims art as his first love. "As a teacher I have summers off, so I have the chance to do several paintings, a few prints, and some color samples, and hit the convention trail. It's worked!"

Tom got his first comics work coloring Blaz Barlow for First Comics but, more importantly, his painting of Clint Eastwood was selected for the 50th Annual Juried Exhibition of the Greenville County Art Museum. "It was a blast seeing my painting hanging on the same walls with paintings by N.C. and Andrew Wyeth," he says.

Littlejohn first met Bo Hampton five years ago when he read about Bo's artistic talents in *The State* newspaper and invited him to a local comics convention he was planning. Tom and Bo became friends and, ever since, Tom has hoped for a chance to work with Bo. "Looks like dreams come true," he says.

Tom currently lives on Paris Mt., near Greenville, S.C. with his dog, Kodak. Plans for the future? "Well, I've given myself until 1990 to earn my doctorate; then I'm going to spend the next ten years painting a few masterpieces. Then, who knows—I may get married! But, first, there's *Lost Planet*.

Godfather Death



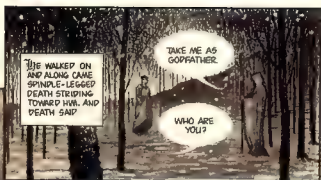
A POOR MAN HAD TWELVE CHILDREN AND WORKED NIGHT AND DAY JUST TO GET ENOUGH BREAD FOR THEM TO EAT. NOW WHEN THE THIRTEENTH CAME INTO THE WORLD, HE DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO AND IN HIS MISERY RAN OUT ONTO THE GREAT HIGHWAY TO ASK THE FIRST PERSON HE MET TO BE GODFATHER.

THE FIRST TO COME ALONG WAS GOD, AND HE ALREADY KNEW WHAT IT WAS THAT WEIGHED ON THE MAN'S MIND.



POOR MAN, I PITY YOU. I WILL HOLD YOUR CHILD AT THE FONT AND I WILL LOOK AFTER IT AND MAKE IT HAPPY UPON EARTH!

Story from the Collection of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. Adaptation and Art by Scott Hampton. Lettering by Tracy Hampton.



WHEN THE BOY WAS OF AGE, THE GODFATHER WALKED IN ONE DAY, TOLD HIM TO COME ALONG AND LET HIM OUT INTO THE WOODS. HE SHOWED HIM AN HERB THAT GREW THERE AND SAID...

THIS IS YOUR CHRISTENING GIFT, I SHALL MAKE YOU INTO A FAMOUS DOCTOR. WHEN YOU ARE CALLED TO A PATIENT'S BEDSIDE I WILL APPEAR AND IF I STAND AT THE SICK MAN'S HEAD YOU CAN BOLDLY SAY THAT YOU WILL CURE HIM AND IF YOU GIVE HIM SOME OF THIS HERB HE WILL RECOVER.

BUT IF I STAND AT THE SICK MAN'S FEET, THEN HE IS MINE, AND YOU MUST SAY THERE IS NO HELP FOR HIM AND NO DOCTOR ON THIS EARTH COULD SAVE HIM.



BUT TAKE CARE NOT TO USE THE HERB AGAINST MY WILL OR IT COULD BE THE WORSE FOR YOU



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE YOUNG MAN HAD BECOME THE MOST FAMOUS DOCTOR IN THE WHOLE WORLD. FROM NEAR AND FAR THE PEOPLE CAME, TOOK HIM TO SEE THE SICK, AND GAVE HIM SO MUCH MONEY HE BECAME A RICH MAN...



NOW IT HAPPENED THAT THE KING FELL ILL. THE DOCTOR WAS SUMMONED TO SAY IF HE WOULD RECOVER.



IF I COULD ONLY, JUST THIS ONCE, OUTWIT DEATH! HE'LL BE ANNOYED, I KNOW, BUT I AM HIS GOD-CHILD AND HE'S SURE TO TURN A BLIND EYE. I'LL TAKE MY CHANCE.



AND SO HE LIFTED THE SICK MAN AND LAID HIM THE OTHER WAY AROUND SO THAT DEATH WAS STANDING AT HIS HEAD. THEN HE GAVE HIM SOME OF THE HERB AND THE KING BEGAN TO FEEL BETTER AND WAS SOON IN PERFECT HEALTH.



WHEN HE CAME TO THE BED, THERE STOOD DEATH AT THE FEET OF THE SICK MAN, SO THAT NO HERB ON EARTH COULD HAVE DONE HIM ANY GOOD.



BUT DEATH CAME TOWARD THE DOCTOR, HIS FACE DARK AND ANGRY, THREATENED HIM WITH RAISED FOREFINGER, AND SAID...

YOU HAVE TRICKED ME. THIS TIME I WILL LET IT PASS BECAUSE YOU ARE MY GOD-CHILD, BUT IF YOU EVER DARE DO SUCH A THING AGAIN...

YOU PUT YOUR OWN HEAD IN THE NOOSE AND IT IS YOU I SHALL TAKE WITH ME!



SOON AFTER THAT, THE KING'S DAUGHTER LAPSED INTO A DEEP ILLNESS. SHE WAS HIS ONLY CHILD. HE WEPT DAY AND NIGHT UNTIL HIS EYES FAILED HIM AND HE LET IT BE KNOWN THAT WHOEVER SAVED THE PRINCESS FROM DEATH SHOULD BECOME HER HUSBAND AND INHERIT THE CROWN.



WHEN THE DOCTOR CAME TO THE SICK GIRL'S BED, HE SAW DEATH AT HER FEET. HE OUGHT TO HAVE REMEMBERED HIS GODFATHER'S WARNING, BUT THE GREAT BEAUTY OF THE PRINCESS AND THE HAPPINESS OF BECOMING HER HUSBAND SO BEDAZZLED HIM THAT HE THREW CAUTION TO THE WIND. HE PICKED THE SICK GIRL UP AND LAID HER HEAD WHERE HER FEET HAD LAIN. THEN HE GAVE HER SOME OF THE HERB AND LIFE STROD AWAY.



WHEN DEATH SAW HIMSELF CHEATED OF HIS PROPERTY THE SECOND TIME, HE GRASPED THE DOCTOR HARSHLY WITH HIS ICE-COLD HAND SO THAT HE COULD NOT RESIST AND SAID...

IT IS ALL UP WITH YOU, AND NOW IT IS YOUR TURN!

HE LED HIM TO AN UNDERGROUND CAVE, AND HERE HE SAW THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF LIGHTS BURNING IN ROWS WITHOUT END, SOME BIG, SOME MIDDLE-SIZED, OTHERS SMALL.

LOOK, THESE ARE THE LIFE LIGHTS OF MARRIED THE BIG ONES BELONG TO CHILDREN.

THE MIDDLE-SIZED, TO MARRIED COUPLES IN THEIR BEST YEARS.

THE LITTLE ONES BELONG TO VERY OLD PEOPLE.

YET CHILDREN AND THE YOUNG OFTEN HAVE ONLY LITTLE LIGHTS.



SHOW ME
MY LIFE LIGHT.



HERE
IT
IS.



AH, DEAR GOD-
FATHER, LIGHT ME A
NEW ONE! DO IT FOR MY
SAKE, SO THAT I MAY
BECOME KING AND
MARRY...

I CANNOT!



A LIGHT MUST
GO OUT BEFORE A
NEW ONE BEGINS
TO BURN!

THEN SET THE
OLD ON TOP OF A
NEW ONE SO IT CAN GO
ON BURNING WHEN THE
FIRST IS FINISHED!



THIS GODFATHER MADE AG IF
TO GRANT HIS WISH.



BUT TOOK REVENGE
INSTEAD



AND SO THE DOCTOR SANK TO THE
GROUND, HAVING HIMSELF FALLEN
INTO THE HANDS OF DEATH!

Scott
Hammond
200

